

# William II. of Germany in Colors with This Issue.

VOLUME XLV.

NEW YORK, MAY 25, 1905.

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NUMBER 1178.



"MY DEAR GIRL, DO YOU THINK IT IS RIGHT TO LET THAT YOUNG MAN SPEND SO MUCH MONEY ON YOU?"  
"WHY NOT? I HAVE NO INTENTION OF MARRYING HIM."

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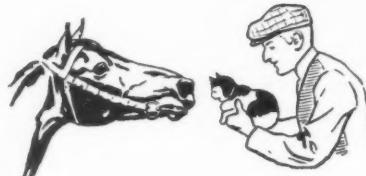
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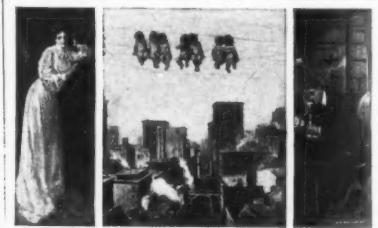


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Principal Physician of the Hospital of San Giovanni Calibrita (del Fatebene Fratelli) in Rome, Member of the Academy of Medicine of Rome, etc., etc.

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# LIFE



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"WILL YOU TELL MY PAST FOR TWO DOLLARS?"

"NO, MADAM, NOT *your* PAST. YOU WILL HAVE TO HIRE ME BY THE DAY."

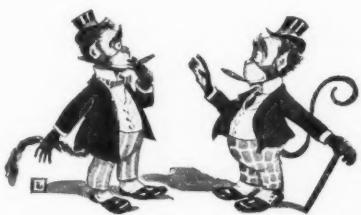
### If.

**A** LAS, could Teddy only feel  
He had square men for every deal,  
He'd have no need to work and plan  
For a square deal for every man.

### Cautious.

**F**IRST BURGLAR: Why not try  
to rob the house of that plutocrat?

**S**econd BURGLAR: Never. He'll  
make good by getting the money back  
from the poor people. Let's confine  
ourselves to the middle classes.



"WHO'S YOUR TAILOR?"  
"COULDN'T SAY, OLD CHAP. I'VE ALWAYS  
HAD A TAIL!"

### Literary.

**A**RABELLA: Oh, oh! Gertrude Atherton has dedicated a book to Henry James!

**I**SABELLA: Serves him right.

"**A**H," murmured the Shade of Shakespeare, looking at the advertisement of the latest health food, "if I were doing the trick nowadays, I should have to say: 'Let predigestion wait on appetite.'"

## • LIFE •



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL XLV. MAY 25, 1905. No. 1178.  
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

**T**HE Russian and Japanese fleets continue to furnish extremely little news, and that little not very trustworthy. We admit that we do not know, except in the most general way, where they are or what they are doing. If they must fight, it would have been more convenient to have had them fight early in May when there was ample leisure to attend to them. With Congress not sitting, most of the State legislatures adjourned, the President hunting, Mr. Carnegie gone abroad, and large numbers of our eminent financiers holding their breath until one thing or another should blow over, the times have been rather dull. Of course, there has been the Equitable dispute, but not on that alone can the energies of enquiring minds be sustained forever. But Togo and Rojestvensky have not considered us, and now seem as likely as not to delay the culmination of their perplexities until June, when any attention we pay them must be diverted from the wise outpourings of the commencement orators. That is the way with admirals. They are reluctant to advertise, and are very prone not to live up to such announcements as they make. Let the gentlemen take their time and fight at their honorable convenience. They are disputing for an enormous stake. That the Russian admiral can do his adversary very serious damage is not thought probable. If he can escape annihilation and get into Vladivostock with a reasonable residue of a beaten fleet, even that will be a serious embarrassment to Japan. Togo's task is to put all the

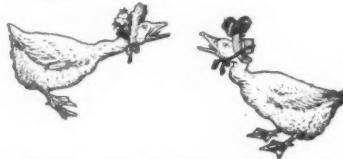
Russian ships out of commission. That is a large contract, and when word does come of how he has handled it, the news will be worth studying.



**T**HREE is lawful warrant for liking a man who can have a good time, especially if he can have it without detriment to his physical, mental or spiritual well-being. The capacity for having fun argues a wholesome internal condition, favorable to the presumption of sanity of mind and body. President Roosevelt possesses this capacity in unrivaled volume. He can have lots of fun, even in circumstances that seem to observers adverse, and when he can take his time and choose his sport, he can have nearly all the fun there is.

He seems to have had a tiptop time hunting bears in Colorado. He shot up a large bag of bears, experienced cold and wet and the preliminary symptoms of hunger in suitable volume, pleased all the two-legged creatures he met and interested the quadrupeds, worked his way safely through Chicago without getting dangerously mixed up with the strike that prevailed there, and, at this writing, is back in Washington, a better and more vigorous Magistrate than when he left.

Further sport awaits him in the National Capital. If he can find the safe middle path through the railroad-rates difficulty, we shall all be glad to testify to his accomplishments as a scout, and add "Pathfinder" to his titles. If he can find enjoyment in adjusting the acrimonious lapse of amity between Messrs. Bowen and Loomis, we shall more than ever admire his gift for wringing satisfactions out of adventure.



**T**HE most desirable result that could ensue from the great fight in the Equitable Life would be the cheapen-

ing of life insurance. If the policy-holders have been taxed to excess for the care of their funds, and if their returns from their investment are less than they ought to be, that is important and should be known. People ought to be able to buy life insurance for pretty nearly what it costs. The paramount office of life insurance companies is to supply insurance at as low a cost as is consistent with security. As great accumulators and lenders of capital, they may be ever so useful; as providers of large salaries and profitable opportunities to their managers, they may be ever so convenient; but to serve these turns is not what they were incorporated for. Such services are merely incidental to their chief end, which is to facilitate provision for widows and the fatherless. There seems to be some basis for the expectation that the drastic overhauling which the Equitable is bound to get may result in the end to the profit of all policy-holders, and their beneficiaries, in all the great American companies. If it turns out so, the great combustion of explosives and pyrotechnics which we have witnessed will not have been unprofitable.



**A**CIRCULAR relating to a proposed memorial to Mrs. Gilbert, the actress, suggests a bronze statue of her in one of the parks. May we gently deprecate that suggestion? To our mind, her merits were not of the particular sort that perennial bronze is best suited to commemorate. Her gifts were not commanding nor lonely, but cooperative and helpful. She was not a solitary figure, but belonged in a group. If she must stand in bronze, get Mr. St. Gaudens to give her the angel's place in the Sherman statue, where she would have an office suited to her talents and her nature, and strong backing. But better still, find some other way of keeping her in memory. We run too much to bronze effigies, especially in our parks. It is a rare figure of a man, much more of a woman, that appears to advantage in bronze, and the qualities and services which call for that sort of metallic immortalization are rarer still.



ADAMS EXPRESS



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NORTH AMERICAN



STOCK QUOTATIONS



UNITED STATES STEEL



WESTERN UNION



HIDE AND LEATHER



PACIFIC MALE

## The S. P. C. A.

*EDITOR OF LIFE:* I have read your remarks on the president of the S. P. C. A. with genuine pleasure. Keep up the good work. Surely the public is with you. It makes one sick with shame and sorrow to see the life-work of Henry Bergh made the laughing-stock of all humane people.

K. E. W.

## Extracts from a letter:

MY DEAR MRS. WILLSON: Pardon me for troubling you again, but we witnessed such a sad case yesterday, and shall be thankful to you if you will advise us in the matter.

Last night (Tuesday) at about ten o'clock, my attention was attracted by two teams of horses which stood on the corner of 125th Street and First Avenue. On going nearer, I found that the poor horses were in a most pitiful condition. . . One horse was swaying from one side to another. I begged the policeman to shoot it, as one hoof was rotten off, and it was suffering terrible pain. The policeman said that he could not shoot it, but would take it to the nearest stable, and I intended to have an officer there in the morning. When he tried to walk the horse the horse staggered and could not move, and the policeman had to admit that the best thing would be to shoot it. . . Well, the horse was standing there from ten o'clock, and it was midnight when it was shot. . .

You see the S. P. C. A. would not send an officer for us, although we telephoned down three times, asking them to send an ambulance, which they



*The Husband: THIS TALK ABOUT RACE-SUICIDE IS ALL BOSH.*

would not do, and so think they will do more for you. Will you kindly let me know what I am to do, and thanking you in advance, I am'

Sincerely yours,

J. — H. —

## Germs.

**I**f it is true that the late epidemic of typhoid in Philadelphia afflicted especially the classes which employ all the approved hygienic safeguards, it only goes to show that germs likewise obey the great law whereby organic life tends to adapt itself to its environment.

In other words, if microbes have at last learned how to dodge filters and sidestep serums, what wonder?

The Lord seems to be very set in His way, and His work, generally speaking, very hard to undo, in spite of all the wonderful means which science has discovered.



SOMEBODY OUGHT TO GO.

IF YOU MARRY AND START ON YOUR HONEYMOON TRIP  
AND DISCOVER YOU HAVEN'T THE PELF—  
THAT YOU LACK THE SPUNDULIX FOR BRIDIE AND YOU—  
WHY, GO ON A TRIP BY YOURSELF.



A HIEROGLYPHIC HERO.

"IT'S NOT CHRISTIAN SCIENCE," SAID PHARAOH,  
"THAT SAVES ME FROM EACH HOSTILE ARROW;  
BUT A MAN OF MY BUILD  
CAN NE'ER BE THUS KUILD,  
I'M SO AWFULLY PROFILE AND NARAOH."



"WILLIE, DID YOU GIVE THE BABY HIS MEDICINE WHILE I WAS OUT?"  
"OH, YES! AND I'M SIX HOURS AHEAD!"

#### Throwing Stones.

**T**HE *Mail and Empire*, of Toronto, moved to comment by the ado in this country over the finding of the body of our intrepid Revolutionary Admiral, John Paul Jones, has been speaking somewhat disrespectfully of him, and at the same time treading on the toes of all good Americans. It has called him a common sea adventurer and made him out almost as bad as a buccaneer.

Speaking of buccaneers, the *Mail and Empire*'s opinion of Jones recalls to mind "Sir" Henry Morgan. Now, there was an ideal sea-rover for you! To this day he is the despair of even the most gaseous of novelists. His performances at Panama and Porto Bello made all other buccaneers ashamed of their pretensions. And when he tired of a life so exciting, then it was that he showed the clever gentleman of refined instincts. He returned to England and paid, like a man, for a "Sir" and the good will of the "best" society.

Naturally, the *Mail and Empire*'s opinion will not receive extended con-



MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH.

currence in this country, but everybody will have to admit the daring of the way it throws stones, when there are so many plate-glass panels in the architectural scheme of the British residence.

**B**RIGGS: Toperly took a drink two days after he signed the pledge.  
**GRIGGS:** What caused the delay?



A PORTRAIT.

## Bringing Her Around.

HAVING received her modern education, Gertrude was let loose upon an unsuspecting world.

She permitted herself to take a walk in the woods.

"Nature," said Gertrude, somewhat deprecatingly, "has been brought up on wholly unconventional lines. She has, alas! no system. These tree trunks are allowed to fall indiscriminately. Such waste! And as for conservation of energy, where is it? Everywhere I see about me pathetic evidences of gross carelessness, not to mention wholly bad artistic effects."

Returning to her parents, she viewed them also with a certain savor of discriminative criticism.

"You appear," she said, "to be baffled by your surroundings. There is an intelligent calmness that comes from philosophic resignation, to which you are wholly alien. Your servants—when you have them—oppress you. Your friendships, made wholly without regard to utilitarianism, are too often unproductive of anything but vain pleasure, thus weakening your moral fibre. A more intelligent use of the principles of Sociology would produce in you a greater symmetry. You worry, without knowing that worry is merely molecular, or perceiving for a moment that there is a psychology of the hearth-stone which, if judiciously applied, would lift you above vulgar routine."

Forced by circumstances beyond her immediate control, she was obliged to pass a few weeks at a summer resort.

"Gregariousness," said Gertrude, "is oftentimes amusing in its ulterior aspects. These poor fools, lulled by certain paralogisms of the mind, imagine they are having a good time. And yet how absurd their pose. Did they but know that things are not what



they seem—that the sea is merely a sensation, and fleeting styles in bathing garments only an appeal to the excitation of the ganglionic centres, they would seek in simple contemplation what pleasure there is in subjectivity, and shake off the shackles of mere materialism."

While recording these phenomena, and being for a moment quite alone on the beach, with the light of the moon overhead, she was approached by a young man, who upon several previous occasions had obtruded himself upon her consciousness.

"I love you," said the young man.

"Love," replied Gertrude, "is pure-

ly relative in its action, and can never be a thing-in-itself. It has no objective validity."

"It is extremely pleasant," said the young man, taking her hand.

"Pleasure and pain," replied Gertrude, "are simply sensations obeying the law of contrast. If all things were reduced to an absolute zero, there would be nothing at all. What we term reality is nothing but the interchanging of activities, producing heat which becomes latent in objects, thus enabling us to differentiate their identity."

"Good," said the young man. "I perceive that you are wound up, but believing as I do that at heart you are in reality a sweet and lovable girl, I'm going to let you run on. For I love you, with all your peculiarities. You do the talking and I'll do the love-making. I have come to stay."

A week later, when the moon had reached its full, and the soft sympathetic waves were lulling these two to a supreme joy that she had never felt before—when earth and air and sky seemed to surround them with a heavenly sweetness—Gertrude sat once more with her head on the young man's shoulder.

"Dearest," she murmured, "will you forgive me for all my nonsense?"

And he smiled indulgently as he said:

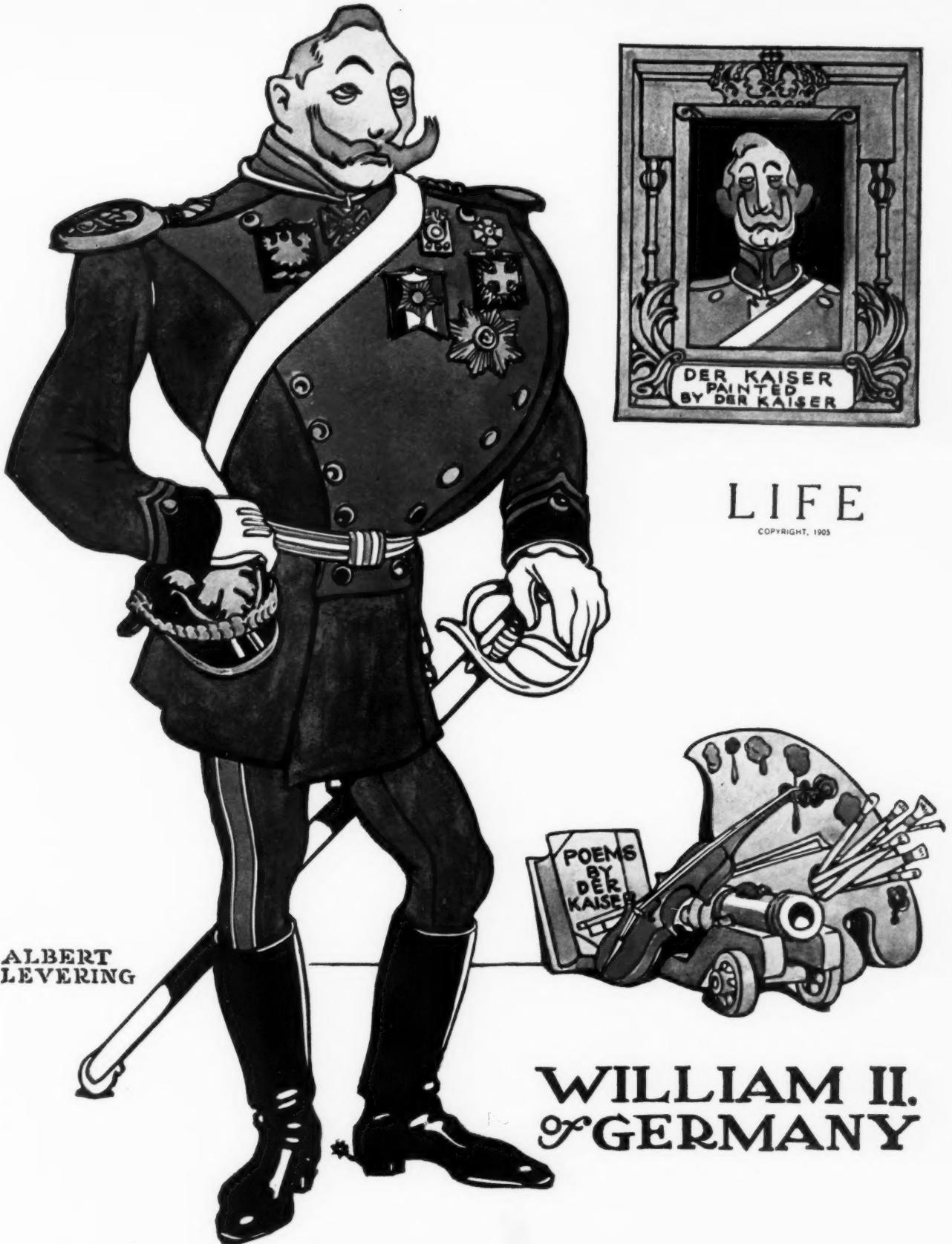
"Yes, darling, I knew you would recover all right. But I want you to promise me one thing."

"Anything!" exclaimed Gertrude, penitently, as she snuggled up a little closer. "What is it?"

"Only this," replied the young man, as a momentary shadow flitted across his face at the thought of what he had endured for her sake:

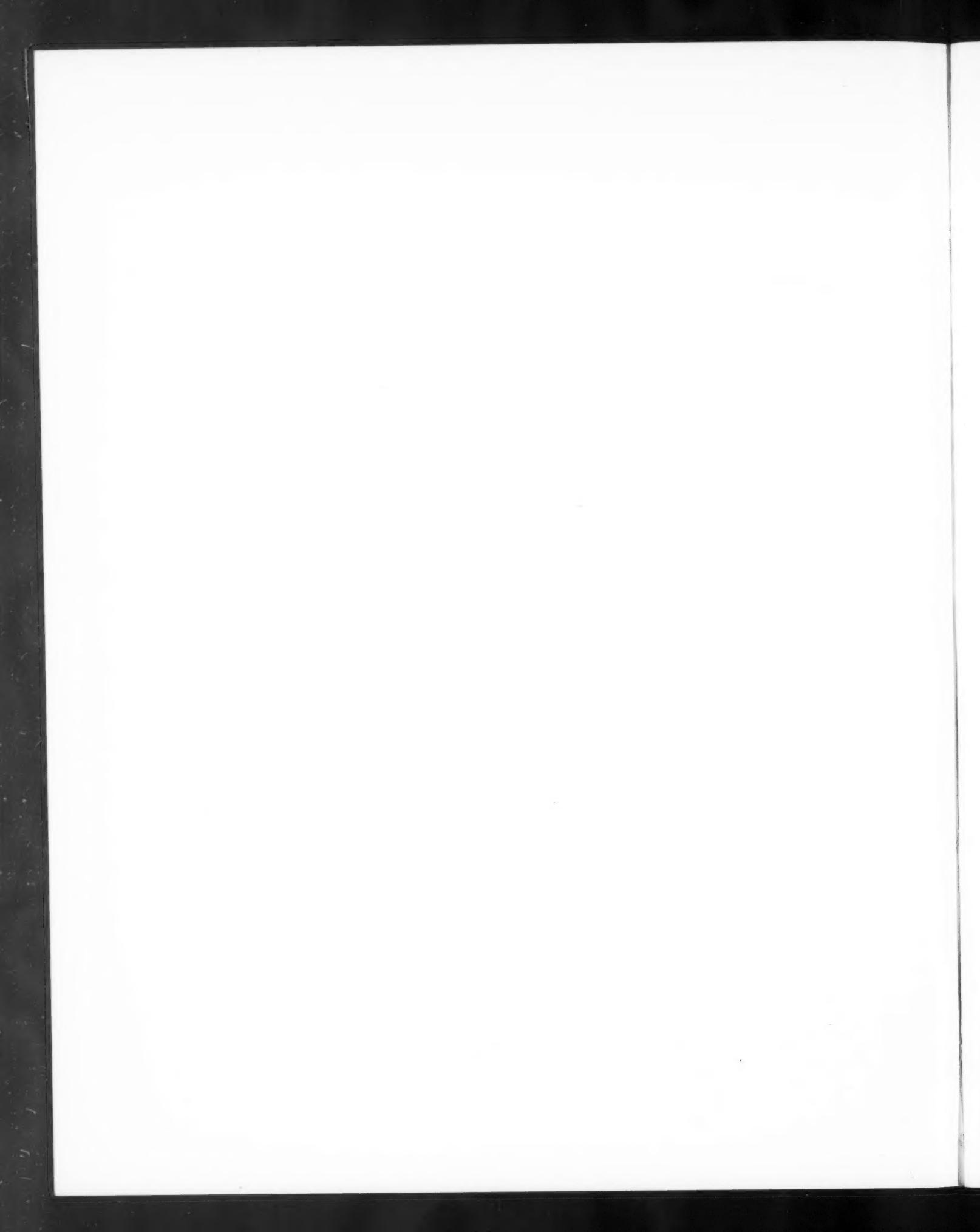
"Promise me that you will never have a relapse."

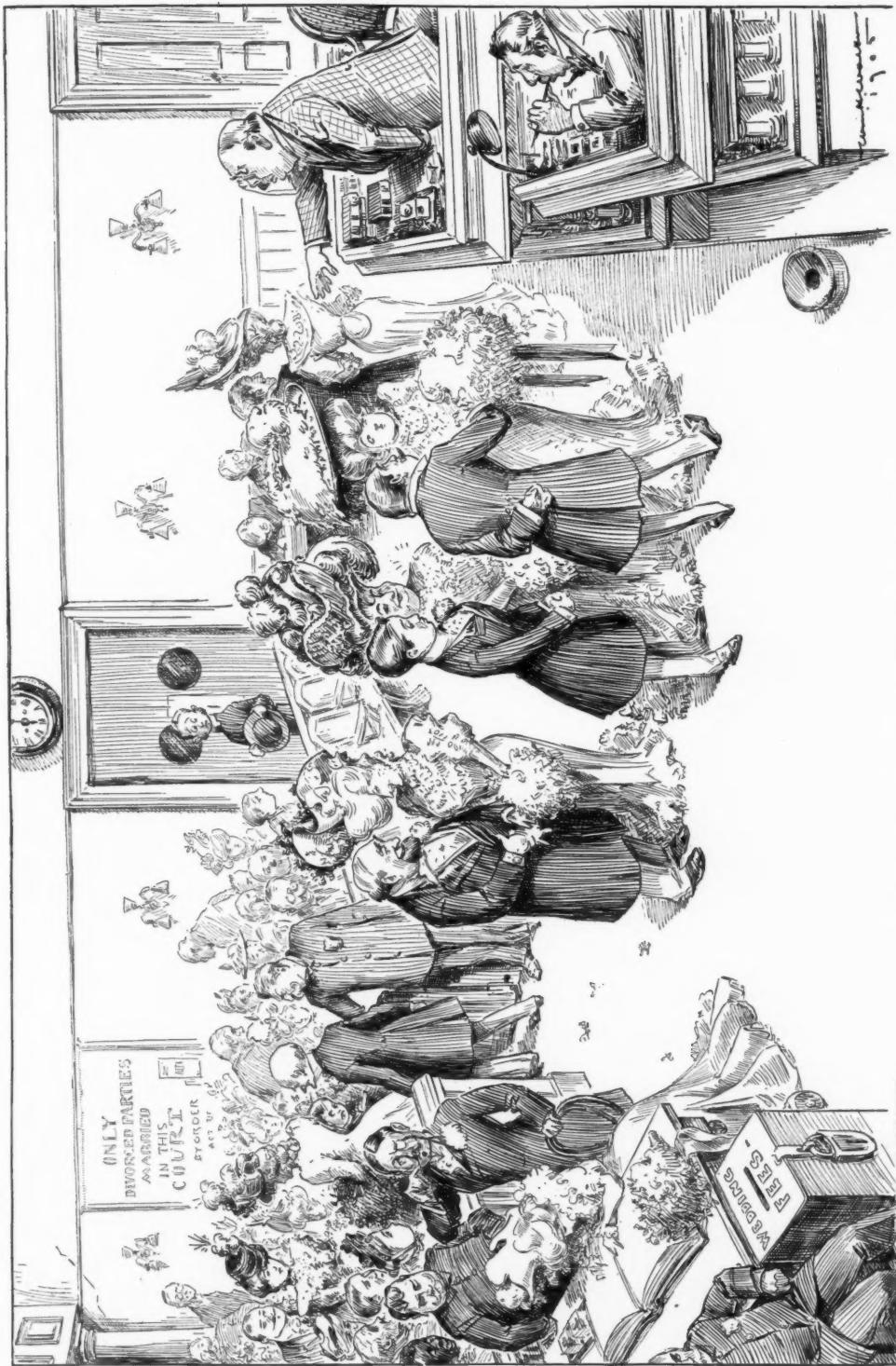
*Tom Masson.*



ALBERT  
LEVERING

WILLIAM II.  
GERMANY





WHEN THE CHURCH REFUSES TO REMARRY THE DIVORCED.

LIFE



THE UNCLE HIS  
PROMOTER OF IN

LIFE.



THE UNCLE OF HIS COUNTRY.  
PROMOTER OF ENT INDUSTRIES.

## Della.



FF the stage she's twice as pretty  
As she seems from Center A,  
Though her speech is not so witty,  
And her gowns are not so gay.  
'T was behind the scenes I met her,  
When she first became the rage ;  
But I really like her better  
Off the stage.

Off the stage she's not so haughty  
As you see her in the play,  
Though perhaps she's just as naughty,  
In a vastly nicer way;  
With a candor quite ideal  
She reveals her real age,  
And her kisses, too, are real—  
Off the stage !

Frank Roe Batchelder.

## THEATRICAL NOTES



THE American theatre is sick and every one knows it. Consequently there is no lack of volunteer doctors to prescribe for it and give it experimental treatment. One corps of experts has organized to give it injections of undiluted French serum direct from Paris. The Progressive school is going to give it massage by producing plays at low prices for the masses. Even Mr. Sydney Rosenfeld and his Century Theatre are going to revive sufficiently to apply treatment through the sense of touch. Meanwhile the poor, sick thing languishes under the bleeding method of Dr. Trust, who obstinately refuses to let go of his half-dead victim. All the new experiments will be watched with interest and certainly can do no hurt, even if they do no good. And the friends of the patient, when they have given up hope of finding a cure through these experiments, will finally go down into their pockets and provide the endowment for a stage which shall quicken the artistic pulse of the whole theatrical system in America. It will be a costly remedy, but a sure one. As *Collier's Weekly* says editorially, "We shall have a stage worthy of a civilized community when enough of us are determined to have one." And when enough of us are determined to have one, we will evidence the fact by providing the six millions necessary to endow a theatre which shall be an artistic permanency and not an experiment.

\* \* \*

THE correspondent who sends us the following refers to extracts from the San Francisco *Bulletin* reprinted in LIFE of May fourth, in which our California contemporary renounces the evil of its ways and promises to print only the truth about the theatres.

EDITOR LIFE: It seems to me after reading the San Francisco *Bulletin's* ultimatum that the editor has lost his sense of humor. By refusing passes, he is simply cutting off the good time of a lot of people to whom he pays starvation wages, and who will hence not be

able to go to the theatre. By refusing the anecdotes and fakey paragraphs of the press agent, he is depriving his readers of a lot of fun based on just as much fact as two-thirds of the other alleged news in his paper. By pretending to tell the truth about theatrical performances, he is fooling the public as well as himself. There is no truth in criticism because there is no standard. The most experienced, expert and honest critics are wrong as often as they are right. Nobody takes them seriously under any circumstances, except perhaps the poor actor who is praised or lampooned. Some critics get vogue by flippancy, others by abuse, and William Winter by an inimitable genius for writing English. Of any one of them who has vogue, it may be said, as *Blackwood's* said of Lord Macaulay: "Everybody reads, everybody admires, but nobody believes in him." If the *Bulletin* is going to reform, why not reform thoroughly and leave out its criticisms? Who wants them? Who believes them? And where does the press get its license to tell the truth about actors and dramatists and keep silence about the alleged bargains in its other advertising columns? Why don't you settle for your readers which one of all those automobile advertisers, in the issue with the *Bulletin* article, is telling the truth? In sequence six different makers make these six conflicting claims: "The American people do not to-day recognize any car superior to the —— car;" "In no other American car can the Acme of American motoring be found;" "makes it the most satisfactory automobile in America;" "It's the biggest value on the market to-day for \$1,250;" "the handsomest, most luxurious, comfortable and efficient automobiles in America or Europe;" "most thoroughly tested cars on the market." These advertisers all give the lie to each other, and use hyperbole supposed to flourish only in the advertisements of the theatres. Why doesn't LIFE print a "confidential guide to automobiles," or to whiskies, table waters, \$3.50 shoes, etc., etc.? There's a deal of good intention about that editor's "Peccavi," but there's a lot of cant. Give this room, LIFE, and, if it's wrong, give it an answer.

In the minds of less cock-sure persons than our correspondent, some of his sweeping and positive statements might seem open to question. That "there is no truth in criticism because there is no standard" may be true in so far as there is no existing high standard of acting and presentation—thanks to the Trust—but it is far more true that every recognized critic gives evidence every time he writes that he has some standard in his mind, be it high or low. The statements that critics are wrong as often as they are right and that no one takes them seriously bear their own refutation and must be taken simply as expressions of our correspondent's own more or less valuable opinions. In the importance the press gives to the theatre over more material things—an importance which LIFE thinks is often exaggerated—it is recognizing that art has some claims on the public attention superior to commercial "bargains." A slight examination of LIFE's advertising pages might possibly demonstrate to our correspondent that his questions, based on any relation between advertising and criticism, are, stating it mildly, absurd.

Finally, LIFE did not print the "Peccavi" article as an endorsement of the *Bulletin's* promises. It gave it simply as an illumination of what should be the real relations between press and theatre instead of the existing one, in which the perspective of honesty appears to have been lost.

\* \* \*

**A**NOTHER correspondent touches on a recent suggestion of LIFE's which some day may bear fruit. In many ways the members of the Theatrical Trust, who gained their control by fortunate accident, have shown that as business men they are of very small calibre indeed, and that opposed by the better quality of American business brains and energy they would soon lose their sway.

ISTHMIAN CANAL COMMISSION.

ANCON, CANAL ZONE, April 30.

EDITOR OF LIFE: Your remarks upon the theatre as a promising field for a young man struck me very forcibly as being a justification of my own ideas, which under present conditions seem a very idle dream. Had I known of any way in which I could have "broken into" a position leading up to an insight into theatrical management I would have taken advantage of it, in preference to fighting mosquitoes on the Zone. Your remarks, however, impressed me as such a striking confirmation of a pet idea of my own that I could not resist the temptation to call your attention to the fact that



THE FIRST APPLICANT.

"WILL ONE OF YOU YOUNG RAPSCALLIONS HAVE THE DECENCY TO DIRECT ME TO THE TRUSTEES OF THE CARNEGIE PENSION FUND?"

at least one "American" with a *snub nose* had dreamed of the theatre as a business.

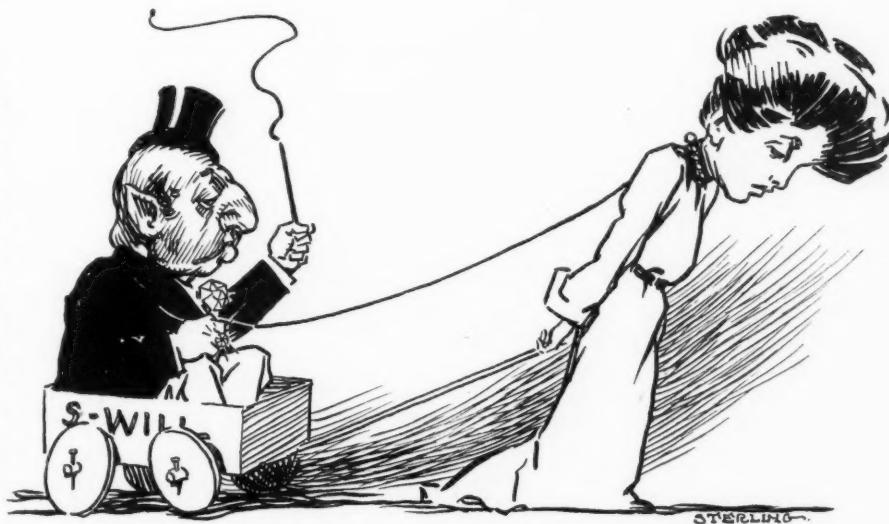
I might add that in personal interest the Russo-Japanese war, the Equitable scandal, the baseball news, and Willie Jerome's latest stunts, pale into insignificance beside Belasco's fight with Klaw and Erlanger and your own troubles with the Syndicate, and again I am impressed with the manner in which the testimony in Belasco's suit bears out "our own statements on this question.

\* \* \*

IT seems almost cruel in these days of superficiality to blame an author for his erudition. But if Mr. James Huneker used fewer allusions, comparisons and illustrations drawn from his intimate acquaintance with foreign authors in a certain school, if he had injected more of the delightful personality and originality of James Huneker into his "Iconoclasts," he would have made a more readable and not necessarily a less scholarly book. Another bar to the author's lucidity is that the gods of his literary idolatry are largely the authors who are catalogued by Lombroso and Nordan as possessing brains not working in direct lines. To be a mystic or a symbolist is the surest path to Mr. Huneker's interest. It is of these and their works that "Iconoclasts" treats, not so much in criticism as in frank admiration, an admiration which almost reaches adoration in his allusions to the erratic Nietzsche. When Mr. Huneker forgets to be obscure, he becomes most agreeable

reading. He writes for the *cognoscenti*, but we fancy even they would be grateful if he clarified his work a bit. As it is, "Iconoclasts" gives us an intimate view of the dramatic works of Ibsen, Strindberg, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Maeterlinck and others, seen through eyes highly qualified to observe.

Metcalf.



"HITCH YOUR WAGON TO A STAR."

## THE LATEST BOOKS



If Jack London has thoroughly proved his gift of imagination, he has no less definitely established his control of that faculty and his underlying fondness for facts. Just as he was *able seaman* before he wrote of the sea, and argonaut before he interpreted the Klondike, so he has been tramp and laborer and actual proletarian before he became a student and an expounder of socialism. To those who have followed the trend of modern thought and speculation in the sociological field, who have read Kidd, and Ghent, and Brooks, and Hunter, and their fellows, Mr. London's socialistic essays, published in *The War of the Classes*, can hardly fail to prove peculiarly interesting and to be suggestive of passing from an Agricultural lecture room to a talk with a farmer, or even, on occasion, of passing from Maeterlinck's *Life of the Bee* to the stinging company of that little insect itself.

The neurotic heroine seems to be the accepted fashion for 1905, and as she is a decided change and has, so far, appeared in capable hands, the innovation is welcome. Yet, even while enjoying Lady Kitty Ashe and Constance Trescot, one trembles to think of what the new style may bring forth when it reaches the Seventh Avenue of literature. S. Weir Mitchell's *Constance Trescot* is a study of progressive character deterioration in a self-centered woman given over to the pursuit of personal revenge, and the theme is not only excellently suited to the author's skill but is elaborated in a story of more than ordinary interest.

It is probably due to the very thorough exploiting of the field, and not to any imitative tendency on the part of Sir William Magnay, that *A Prince of Lovers* suggests a *pot-pourri* of Zenda-Graustarkian romance, but the book, as a matter of fact, is as full of atavistic suggestion as a de Koven opera, and the author's assurance that the events of his story were drawn from the annals of two petty German principalities only goes to show that German truth is sometimes as strange as English fiction.

H. G. Wells, sociologist and writer of such fictional phantasmagoria as *The War of the Worlds*, has published in *Twelve Stories and a Dream* a collection of tales which covers pretty much the whole range of his literary activities. The dream and several of the stories deal with Mr. Wells's favorite subject, the future. Others are pure horror or pure fun, while *The Magic Shop* adds a touch of delicious fancy to leaven the whole. As usual, Mr. Wells's technique is admirable, and one scarcely recalls a better handled absurdity than *The Truth About Piecroft*.

Gilbert H. Chesterton is also a manipulator of the fantastic, but with an imagination somewhat less pliable and wholly without that humorous relevancy to serious things which gives point to much of Mr. Wells's work. His *Club of Queer Trades* is a series of six stories, in each of which an extraordinary adventure leads to the discovery of an unusual way of earning a living.

It would seem that any one in any way interested in either the production or the consumption of books would enjoy reading a little volume, called *A Publisher's Confession*, which has just appeared. In the first place, it is genuine; that is to say, it is written by some one who knows what he is writing about, and who had either to write or burst. In the next place, it gives a glimpse of the inside working of things, which is always interesting. Finally, it has at least a pound of good horse-sense to the page.

*A Madcap Cruise* is a first novel by Oric Bates. The author is young and, in a pleasant and rather exhilarating way, his book shares the quality. It is a semi-guide-book novel, wherein a young Bostonian purloins the schooner yacht of a plutocratic guardian and sails away, Aeneas-like, to "Italy and the Lavinian shore." We do some sightseeing in his company, but it is of a desultory kind and not unproductive of adventure, and, on the whole, decidedly agreeable.

A new collection of Mr. Owen Seaman's verses and parodies, *A Harvest of Chaff*, offers some amusing examples of this author's peculiarly happy blend of pith, humor, facility and classicism. For example, his paraphrase of *We Are Seven*, which he calls *The Equal Rights of Man*, catches at a stroke the humorous side of ignorance, the ignorant side of English labor tactics and the flavor of Wordsworth.

J. B. Kerfoot.

*The War of the Classes*. By Jack London. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

*Constance Trescot*. By S. Weir Mitchell. (The Century Company. \$1.50.)

*A Prince of Lovers*. By Sir William Magnay. (Little, Brown and Company, Boston. \$1.50.)

*Twelve Stories and a Dream*. By H. G. Wells. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)

*The Club of Queer Trades*. By Gilbert H. Chesterton. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.25.)

*A Publisher's Confession*. (Doubleday, Page and Company. 60c.)

*A Madcap Cruise*. By Oric Bates. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.50.)

*A Harvest of Chaff*. By Owen Seaman. (Henry Holt and Company. \$1.25.)

### Et Al.

"NOW that there is a modern Mr. Hyde, there ought to be a Dr. Jekyll."

"There is, but his place can't be filled by one person, so he's represented by a Syndicate."

THE motto of the missionary society should now be:

"Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand taketh."

### A Vast Gulf.

PAPA, what's the difference between a man's tailor and a ladies' tailor?"

"Oh, about a hundred dollars an hour."



WHAT THE DEVIL'S TAIL IS FOR.



ART FOR TALK'S SAKE.

**Tips.**

**E**VERYBODY who ever eats out of his own home may be interested in these remarks from the San Francisco *News Letter* on "Grafting Waiters."

All honor to Wisconsin! Its Legislature has passed a bill which is just the thing, drastic though it be. It provides for fine and imprisonment for restaurant, hotel or other waiters who demand or accept a "tip." And the one paying a "tip" fares no better than the one accepting it, which is a wise provision. This law presumes that waiters are paid to serve guests; that the cost of service includes whatever is ordered, and that when a waiter demands or accepts a "tip" he becomes a "hold up man" and should be sent to prison. Moreover, if a guest offers to pay or does pay the waiter for service, he is liable to prosecution for committing a criminal act.

Bribery, to be sure.

You are bribing the waiter to serve you better than some other man whose anticipated bribe is less attractive.

This form of grafting has become so much of a fixture in San Francisco that in the near future the clerk who hands you your purchase will have to be "tipped" before getting your goods; the grocer's delivery man will have to be "seen" before he will let you have your purchase, and so on.

down to the street-car conductor and motorman, who will demand "something" for stopping the car for you.

A melancholy prospect, but we Americans do move rapidly when once started.

**All Off.**

"I HEAR Molly has broken her engagement."

"Yes. George was foolish enough to let her hear him telling his friends that he didn't approve of wedding presents."

IT'S true that morality has nothing to do with art, but the people who insist on this most strongly overlook the fact that immorality has nothing to do with it, either.

**A Sad Blunder.**

**F**IRST DOCTOR: I've made a mistake and left old Gotrox the wrong prescription!

**S**econd Doctor: Is it serious?

"Very; why, that medicine will cure him in less than a week."

**Revised Quotation.**

**O**RATOR: "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless mill—mill—"

**AUDITOR**: Millionaires!



"THAT FELLOW JASON MUST HAVE LED A VERY TROUBLED EXISTENCE."

"HOW SO?"

"HE SPENT SO MUCH TIME HUNTING FOR THE GOLDEN FLEAS."

**An Explanation.**

**B**OASTFUL ENGLISHMAN: The sun never sets on English possessions.

**M**ISS AMERICA: Yes, we know God can't trust an Englishman after dark.

# LIFE.



DOWN IN INDIANA.

"WHAT is the Dead March sounding for?" said Author-on-Parade.

"The cigarette, the cigarette," the Hoosier poet said.  
"And what about the cigarette?" said Author-on-Parade.

"The Legislature knocked it out," the Hoosier poet said.

"The dainty corn husk wrappers they are burning  
left and right,

The fragrant corn silk fillers are ablaze in bonfires  
bright,

There aren't many dope sticks in the whole broad  
State to-night,

And the few that's left will vanish in the morning."

"What are the writers now to do?" said Author-on-Parade.

"We'll have to try the corncob pipe," the Hoosier poet said.

"I can not smoke a horrid pipe," said Author-on-Parade.

"Then you must smoke cigars or chew," the Hoosier poet said.

"For the cigarettes are going; we must chase 'em  
to the woods,  
They're pinching every fellow who is captured  
with the goods.

The coffin nails are going—we can paste that in  
our hoods,  
And the few that's left will vanish in the morning."

"What's that so black against the sun?" said Author-on-Parade.

"The smoke of stogies and cheroots," the Hoosier poet said.

"We'll lose our inspiration now," said Author-on-Parade.

"We'll have to smoke another brand," the Hoosier poet said.

"While writing future novels we'll have to bear in  
mind,

The hero in his smoking room, no matter how  
refined,  
Must never, never roll a pill, but like some com-  
mon hind

Have his little pipe of baccy in the morning."

—Milwaukee Sentinel.

## TRUE TO HIS ART.

THE hero of the play, after putting up a stiff fight  
with the villain, had died to slow music.

The audience insisted on his coming before the  
curtain.

He refused to appear.

But the audience still insisted.

Then the manager, a gentleman with a strong  
accent, came to the front.

"Ladies an' gentlemen," he said, "the carpe  
thanks ye kindly, but he says he's dead, an' he's goin'  
to stay dead, begobs!"—Chicago Tribune.



A. B. WALKER  
TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

## A NEW FISH STORY.

"GAME wardens lead a strenuous existence, it is  
said, and I know that some of them have to be  
pretty shrewd to carry out the work for which they  
are appointed," said M. L. Ferguson.

"I was told a story in a little town out on the  
edge of the State the other day which bears out this  
statement.

"A game warden found a man spearing pickerel

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through the ice. At the side of the little shanty in  
which the fishing was done lay a large pickerel. The  
game warden stole to the hut and threw open the  
door.

"Did you spear this pickerel?" he asked.

"I did that."

"Did you know it is against the law?"

"Well, you see that fish isn't dead," was the  
assured response. "I have been spearing catfish, and  
that pickerel kept getting in the way. I had to jab  
it lightly and lay it on the ice until I finish fishing.  
Then I will put it back."

"The game warden walked off."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

## THE ELEPHANT'S MILK.

A SCHOOLMASTER had just finished a lesson on  
"Food" when a little boy put up his hand; on being  
asked what he wanted, he replied, "Please, sir, Jones  
said he knew a baby that was brought up on ele-  
phant's milk, and it gained ten pounds in weight  
every day."

"Jones ought not to tell you such rubbish," said  
the master; then addressing Jones, he said, "Tell me  
whose baby was brought up on elephant's milk."

To which Jones hesitatingly replied, "Please, sir,  
it was the elephant's baby."—The Tailor.

A FARMER recently paid a visit to a neighbor,  
and as he passed along by the side of the fields he  
made a mental note of the fact that no scarecrows  
were visible. Meeting his neighbor almost imme-  
diately, he opened conversation as follows:

"Good-morning, Mr. Oates. I see you have no  
scarecrows in your fields. How do you manage to do  
without them?"

"Oh, well enough," was the innocent reply. "You  
see, I don't need 'em, for I'm in the fields all day  
myself."—Exchange.

CALL a girl a chick and she smiles; call a woman  
a hen and she howls. Call a young woman a witch  
and she is pleased; call an old woman a witch and  
she is indignant. Call a girl a kitten and she rather  
likes it; call a woman a cat and she hates you.  
Women are queer.

If you call a man a gay dog, it will flatter him;  
call him a pup, a hound, or a cur, and he will try to  
alter the map of your face. He doesn't mind being  
called a bull or a bear, yet he will object to being  
mentioned as a calf or a cub. Men are queer, too.—  
London Tit-Bits.

## THEIR ENEMY.

"WHAT do you think of railway rebates?" said one  
citizen.

"Any chance of our getting any?"

"None whatever."

"Then I'm against 'em."—Washington Star.

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TOO TRUE.

"There is so much bad in the best of us,  
And so much good in the worst of us,  
That it scarcely behoves the most of us,  
To talk about the rest of us."

—*New York Times.*

A ONE-SIDED ALLIANCE.

JUDSON: Do you think capital and labor will ever work together?

BUDSON: It looks that way. At the present time the landlord and the tenants seem to be both engaged in raising the rent.—*Tom Watson's Magazine.*

IN A pinch—use Allen's Foot-Ease.

GAVE THE COURT NOTICE.

In a rural justice's court the defendant in a case was sentenced to serve thirty days in jail. He had known the judge from boyhood, and addressed him as follows:

"Bill, old boy, you're agwine ter send me ter jail, air you?"

"That's what," replied the Judge. "Have you got anything to say ag'in' it?"

"Only this here, Bill. God help you when I git out!"—*Booklovers' Magazine.*

THE ANTIDOTE.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these: 'It might have been.'"  
But one small phrase annuls the curse.  
And that is this: "It might have been worse."

—*New York Sun.*

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient guests.

RATTLED.

To those about to seek admission into holy orders an interview with the ordinary is a time of much anxiety, sometimes of mental confusion.

This, perhaps, accounts for the unusual behavior of a young candidate who, dismissed on the Episcopal doorstep with a solemn "God bless you," hastily answered, "Don't mention it, my lord."—*The Strand.*

THE BISHOP BEAT THE MINISTER.

Two little boys, one the son of a minister and the other the son of a bishop, who were always arguing whose father was the greatest man, came together one day, when the minister's little son exclaimed:

"Your father ain't no good. Mine has given me a hen that lays an egg every week."

"That's nothing," quickly retorted the bishop's son. "My father lays a cornerstone every week."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

THE YOUNGEST BABY

can readily digest and assimilate Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk because the casein, which is in ordinary cow's milk, undergoes physical alteration in the process of condensation, which makes it digestible. It brings the result which every parent is looking for, viz., strong and healthy children.

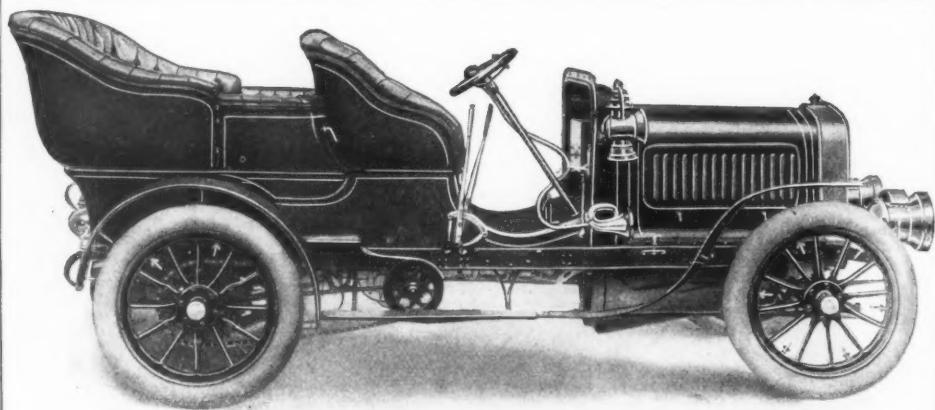
GAVE HIMSELF AWAY

Mr. Sportby had given it out that he was going to spend the day in the country and commune with nature.

"What sort of day did you have, dear?" asked his wife that evening at dinner.

"Poor," was the absent-minded reply. "Five favorites were beaten."—*Houston (Texas) Post.*

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LITTLE bows of ribbon,  
Little grains of rice,  
Make the new-wed couple  
Spotted in a trice.  
—*New York Sun.*

OVEREDUCATED.

THE town of Oil City, Pennsylvania, has a smart dog, a cocker spaniel. When he was still a puppy, says *Forest and Stream*, his master taught him to sit out on the front porch and wait for the local paper to be thrown into the yard; then the dog would bring it into the house, and get petted for doing it.

Half an hour after the dog had brought in the paper the other day, his master, going into the sitting room, found a pile of six more papers, which the dog had collected from other yards in the block. It took some time to hunt up the owners of those papers and return them.—*Youth's Companion.*

PUNISHMENT TO FIT THE CRIME.

JUDGE: It seems to me I've seen you before.  
PRISONER: You have, my lord. I used to give your daughter singing lessons.  
"Twenty years."—Answers.

If you knew the infinite labor and pains expended in bringing; a Divine fishing rod to that degree of perfection which has given it its world-wide reputation, you wouldn't rest until you owned one. Send for catalogue. Fred. D. Divine Co., Utica, N. Y.

THE JUDGE AND THE ASS.

One day Curran, the famous Irish orator, was addressing the court, when the bray of an ass was heard outside, and the Judge could not resist the temptation of saying: "One at a time, Mr. Curran, please." But the good ass gave Curran his chance. As the Judge summed up, the bray was heard again, and the great lawyer, jumping up from his seat, asked the Judge: "Does not your Lordship hear a remarkable echo in court?"—*Birmingham (England) Post.*

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

A BISHOP was once traveling third-class on a branch line in Devonshire. At one of the stations a countryman got in who, after gazing at the bishop's attire in a very puzzled manner for some time, ventured the remark, "Be you a curate, sir?"

"Well," said the bishop meditatively, "I was once."

"Aah," said the rustic, a comprehensive smile overspreading his face, "the drink, I suppose?"—*The Tatler.*

PLEASED THEM.

THE beautiful and talented actress was being interviewed by the dramatic writer.

"Yes," she said, toying with her scintillating necklace, "I cater to high society audiences."

"So I have heard," replied the interviewer. "And when they insist upon your responding to a curtain call, do you tell of your childhood on the farm, etc.?"

The great actress twisted her Cupid-like lips.

"Well, I should say not! I tell them how many diamonds I own, how many bulldogs I have imported from England, and how many times I have been divorced."—*Troy Budget.*

A NOTABLE FEATURE OF THE FAREWELL BANQUET TO AMBASSADOR CHOATE.

At the banquet given to the Hon. Joseph H. Choate by the French and Bar of England upon his recent retirement from the Ambassadorship, G. H. Mumm & Co.'s was the only champagne served. The banquet was one of the most brilliant and notable functions of recent times, and the exclusive use of G. H. Mumm's Champagne shows the unique and distinguished position which that wine occupies among the élite of Great Britain.

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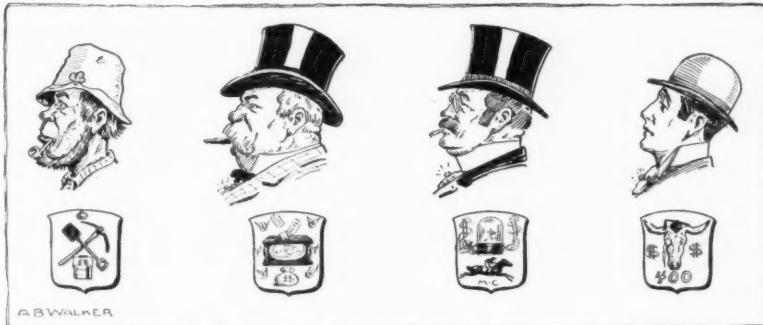


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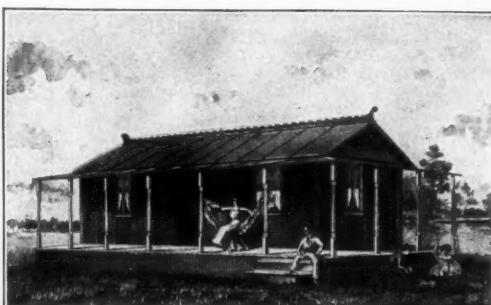
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## PHILADELPHIA HORSE SHOW AT WISSAHICKON HEIGHTS.

### Special Excursion Tickets via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The fourteenth annual open-air exhibition of the Philadelphia Horse Show Association will be held on St. Martin's Green, Wissahickon Heights Station, Philadelphia, May 29 to June 3 inclusive.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell special excursion tickets, including coupon of admission, from New York, Philadelphia, Belvidere, Lancaster, Wilmington, West Chester, Phoenixville, and principal intermediate stations (as well as stations on the Chestnut Hill Branch), to Wissahickon Heights Station, May 29 to June 3, good to return until June 5, 1905, inclusive.

The grounds of the Philadelphia Horse Show Association are located immediately on the Germantown and Chestnut Hill Branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad, eleven miles from Broad Street Station.

### TEDDY'S SOLILOQUY.

Grown folks are queer, it seems to me!  
They almost make me vexed;  
They think I ought to be one day  
What I can't be the next.

One day my sister Kate and I  
Went out of doors to play  
Beside a little muddy pool—  
She got right in my way.

I didn't think, but threw a stone  
And spattered Kate's new frock;  
She jumped, and home she crying went  
To tell about the shock.

Then mother said, "Why, Teddy Jones!  
A big, smart boy like you!"  
And grandma said, "You've grown so big  
I thought you better knew!"

My father said, "Boys will be boys,"  
But Aunt May hushed him quick.  
"Ted Jones," she said, "is much too big  
To play that shabby trick!"

And Aunt Maud pitied "poor dear Kate";  
At me sharp looks she threw.  
"You ought to act the man," she said;  
"A boy as big as you!"

Next day I asked to do some things  
That big folks well enjoy.  
"Oh! no," they said; "you're much too small—  
You're just a little boy."

Of course, I know grown folks are right;  
But truly I'm perplexed  
At finding that I'm big one day  
And very small the next.

—Lippincott's Magazine.

### AS TO MIRACLES.

MRS. WALSINGHAM: I can't understand why, if there ever were such things as miracles, there are none now.

MRS. WAPPINGTON: My dear, there are miracles now. My husband has attended two stag parties within ten days, and is still on the water-wagon.—Chicago Record-Herald.

### A HURRICANE.

THE terrors of the deep were perhaps never more thrillingly set forth than in the description by a young lady who last year made her first trip abroad. She kept a diary, very much, says the New York Herald, like that of Mark Twain, when for seven days he recorded the fact that he "got up, washed and went to breakfast."

There was one important exception. When she crossed the Channel the experience was so trying that she felt impelled to describe it.

"I firmly resolved to stay on deck," she wrote, "although the tempest increased to such a frightful hurricane that it was only with the greatest difficulty that I could hold up my parasol."

### NOT HIS FAULT.

SHE: After six weeks of married life, Arthur, I have reached the sad certainty that you do not love me.

ARTHUR: My dear!  
"It's no use protesting; you should have married some credulous, stupid girl!"  
"Well, darling, I did my very best."—*Tit-Bits*.

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The tour will leave New York, West Twenty-third Street, 7:55 A.M., and Philadelphia 12:20 P.M., Saturday, May 27, in charge of one of the Company's tourist agents, and will cover a period of six days. An experienced chaperon, whose especial charge will be unescorted ladies, will accompany the party throughout. Round-trip tickets, covering transportation, carriage drives, and hotel accommodations, will be sold at the extremely low rate of \$22 from New York, \$21 from Trenton, \$19 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points.

For itineraries and full information apply to ticket agents; Tourist Agent, 263 Fifth Avenue, New York; 342 Fulton Street, Brooklyn; 789 Broad Street, Newark, N.J.; or address Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

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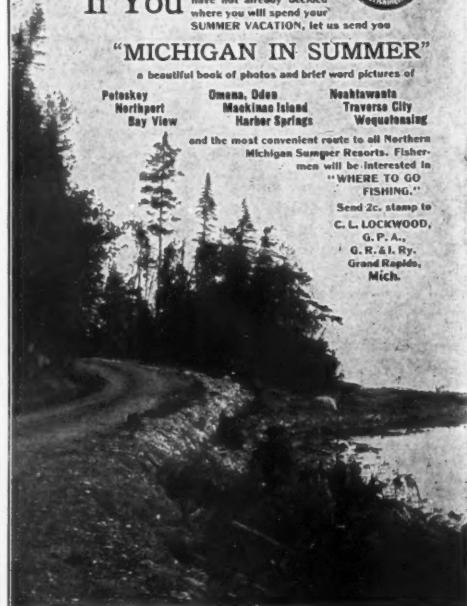
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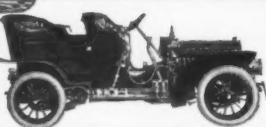
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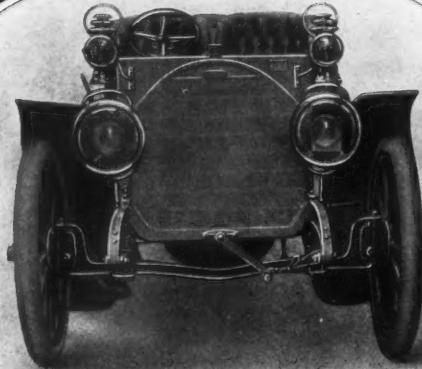
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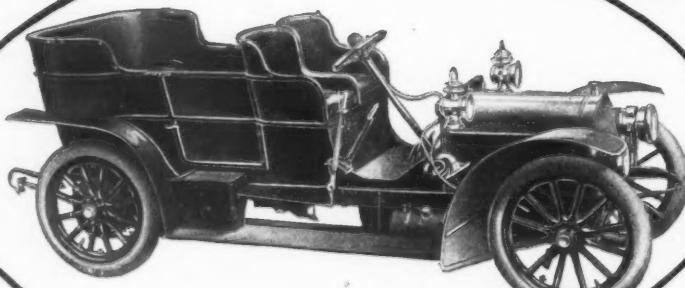
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